Fleanor Kirk's Marvelous Story CONCERNING

MISS MOLLIE FANCHER As a Business Woman.

HAVE SO LONGED TO DO SOMETRING WORTHY, AND OF REAL USE."

No invalid that the world has ever known has attracted so much attention as Miss Mollie Fancher of Brooklyn. A graduate of Dr. West's school on Brooklyn Heights, she was on her way down town to purchase her sum mer wardrobe, when in getting out of a horse car her hoop skirt caught on the step, and, before it could be removed, she was dragged several rods. Instead of a season at the mountains, this girl, who started out so full of happiness and anticipation, was carried to her bed, where she has lain for twenty-two years. It does not seem to be within the power of science to explain the psychological effects of this accident, for Miss Fancher's condition from the moment of injury has been abnormal to the very point of the supernatural. No one knows bet ter than she how little true clairvoyance is understood, and no one could be found more unwilling to be ranked among those who account for every twist, a sprain, a dislocation, a spinal lately and barely, in want of the graces and unusual experience upon the hypothesis of spirit power. The singular human body that I do not understand capable—as it was only the first week of May with the most phenominal clairvoyant ability, makes this woman the most fascinating of anomalies, and a be wildering subject to the student of physical science. Miss Fancher does not appear in

the least ill as she reclines upon her couch, but she does look exceedingly greatest respect and the most pro manufacturing company? found admiration, she could not help one hand left to help herself with, this accusatory generalization. and with this tiny little member she Twenty-eight Years in Wall of furniture, but from head rest to "What next!" arm piece and foot rest, those four tiny fingers and wee little thumb have traveled industriously until the result

But there is still a more wonderful appliances for the alleviation of suffering. He had heard much of this It did not take long for this gentle man to discover that human skill could do very little. But he soon was mortified beyond expression. ventions and her appreciation and and with an environment of physical he was punished and admonished before agony and disability never equalled, people the worse he became. So I tried this blind, helpless woman confounded hiding his faults and praising him for the clarified brain traveled, never children's natures it is even humiliating as occult and indescribable as the to reform. greatest mystery of the universe, weak greatest mystery of the universe, weak develop. Let your child begin to feel and confidence of a trained and scien much better way. Do not allow it to tific intellect. This state of things continued for several months and last say, and repeat them to your friends in Sargent Manufacturing Co. of Broadway, New York. Since that time all them down for future enjoyment-but the business meetings of the firm never let the child know it.-Philadelhave been held in the darkened cham- phia Call. ber of this phenomenal invalid, herself Miss Fancher said: "I am proud and elected. Now I want to live." "But did you ever really want to

"Oh, it was unspeakably tedious," designing patterns and working in silks and crewels would fill your life? aims than these, life would not be of much value to you. I have tried to to succeed in my endeavors was to fill windows.-Pittsburg Reporter. the days with work. Of course there are times when by reason of hemorrhages and spasms, I cannot do very much. But, as I was saying," she rsumed with a smile, radiant as a great many years back it was a very im- a delicate white profile, in flashing contrast child's, "making pretty things is bet. portant business in connection with a with its black surroundings, and with lines ter than idleness, and I really like artistic needlework. But do you and leeching were very popular among and grace which reconciled him to his know," she added, almost gayly, the Germans, and, whether weak or friend's eagerness and made him wish for the "none of my friends ever give me any strong, they followed the use. Not a beauty's next movement. Presently she of their embroidery, nor bring me any great many years ago an apprentice bar- turned and caught the gaze of the two men to look at either, and I think it is real mean."

"The reason is very plain," the writer replied. "The best must seem botch-work beside yours."

"No, iudeed," was the quick answer, but it is nice to see something beside one's own work once in a while."

This talk about "seeing" was very weird, considering the darkness and the closed lids.

The reader must bear in mind that Miss Fancker has now only the use of her right hand. The other little member lies perfectly helpless, and yet with an advoitness which is simply uncanny, she manages to tuck the material upon which she is engaged between the thumb and fingers of this disabled hand, and in a way to steady the work. In fact the little left hand, managed and lifted about by the dexterous right ona, becomes by the skilful management of this brainy, plucky, "never say die" woman, a sort of human paper weight as use-

"Then I am to understand that your new business makes you very happy?" the writer remarked.

Oh, yes. You see all these years I have longed to do something which most agreeably, because this work is right in the line of my aptitude. You more northerly and provincial neighsee there isn't a physical ailment, a borhoods where art lives a little desoweakness, a misery anywhere in the blending of practical common sense from experience. Possessing this wide -of throwing some zest into their amuseinformation," and here Miss Fancher ments. There were art critics who, accussmiled a little at her own facetiousness, "and having mechanical talent, vet been unable to content themselves with in appliances for the sick. Yes, for the examination of some 800 works, and indeed, now I am happy indeed."

Who shall say that the cause of woman is not advancing when Miss their lady friends. There were the great old friend and a little burst of laughter. pretty. Indeed she is as artistic a pic- Mollie Fancher can lie upon her bed, dealers, betraying in look and gait their proture as one can well imagine, and as and by the simple power of her brain found, yet modest, conclousness that upon man is Forbes? He is as young still as he the writer looked at her with the direct the management of a great

found admiration, she could not help wishing that all those who value York dressmakers against Dr. Taylor, in glory, the truly philosophical mind assesses been anybody else but such a gentlemanly courage and industry, who love the beautiful and the true, could have the change of seeing this rarely sweet and change of seeing this been literally tied into knots, and class, who would as soon think of awing of such of her neighbors as were unfrom whose physical eyes the light has been entirely shut out, could not have a stream of London; the women folk of the artist world, presenting greater varieties of out beside the pretty English girls about her.

Interest the season.

"Well, she's a brilliant creature," said stream of London; the women folk of their artist world, presenting greater varieties of out beside the pretty English girls about her.

accomplishes more downright work Street," by Henry Clews, is attract- of their kind. than most of those who have their whole body and two eyes to aid them. There is scarcely any description of fancy work that she does not do, and in the most artistic manner. Her afghans are models of beautiful shanding, though she has no assistance from such eyes as we look out of. cover for a reclining chair. Not only has she wrought the plush with beautiful poppies and their leaves, but the pattern itself was designed by the cover for a reclining chair. Not only has she wrought the plush with beautiful poppies and their leaves, but the pattern itself was designed by the cover for a reclining chair. Not only world is full of surprises, and when cision of the bystander as to whether the wearer be fool or poet, but still long enough to fall a little carelessly round the head and sudiences are," said Kendal. "I believe we so take off from the spruce, conventional are the simplest people in the world. All invalid. This chair is no slight piece in Congress," we naturally ask- general London air.

ELEANOR KIRK.

That Most Serious Problem.

Too many young mothers, in their effort to make their first child perfect, thing to relate which has never before go to great extremes in noticing every been given to the public. Some two fault and laying too great stress upon govyears ago it was the province of the ernment. This is done before every one, even the passing caller. I think it has writer to introduce to Miss Fancher a even the passing caner. I think it the tendency to harden a child, and the gentleman whose efforts have been expostulation loses its effect. It is prowholly directed to the discovery of verbial that children always act their worst when there is company in the take advantage every time any one particular sufferer and hoped to be called. I grew perfectly discouraged, able to do something for her comfort. and felt as if there was no remedy for it. and do the most unexpected things, till I

found that Miss Fancher could be of I finally made it a point to take him use to him. Her interest in his in by the hand, and ask my caller to excuse us a moment-take him to another part of the house, set him in a chair and immediate understanding of the in say that I would send for him when he face wearing an expression of strong interest out-of-the-wayness of the girl's beauty. Her tricately mechanical, was a surprise was wanted. He would remain there and inquiry. which no words can adequately de quietly waiting. When the caller was scribe. Without any previous training gone I would go and release him. It seemed the only way to do. The more the inventor. From cause to effect the good he did. It had a much better the clerified brain transled norms weakening, never seeing dimly, never to be reproved before other children. I making mistakes. With an intuition do not think humiliation the proper way

spots were pointed out, working plans early that you expect only the best argue with you from the beg ting, and never laugh at cute things, it may do or March it was finally decided to make the presence of the child. If it is a wide Miss Fancher vice-president of the awake child it will do and say many things that will be intensely amusing, and, if you wish, keep a book and put

There is a right and wrong way to the spirit and the power of each occa wash windows, and as this operation is sion. When called upon by the usually dreaded, the following method writer in regard to this enterprise, will doubtless be appreciated, as it saves both time and labor. Choose a dull day, or at least a time when the sun is not happy to be thought worthy to occupy shining on the window, for when the the position to which I have been sunshines on the window it causes it to be dry streaked, no matter how much it is rubbed. Take a painter's brush and dust them inside and out, washing all the wood work inside before touching the glass. The latter must be washed simshe replied pitifully. "Do you suppose ply in warm water diluted with ammonia-do not use soap. Use a small cloth with a pointed stick to get the dust out No, indeed. If you had no higher piece of cotton cloth—do not use linen, as it makes the glass linty when dry, Polish with tissue paper or old newsmuch value to you. I have tried to paper. You will find this can be done be as cheerful as I could and make as in half the time taken where soap is little trouble as possible, and the way used, and the result will be brighter

It is seldom in these days that you hear to its duenna.

By MRS. HUMPHREY WARD,

CHAPTER L T WAS the day of the private view at

the Royal academy. The great court yard of Burlington house was full of carriages, and a continuous stream of guests was pressing up the red carpeted stairs over the beauty and speak to her. She greeted some of the most him cordially, with a beaming smile and imposing indivibright, emphatic movements of the head, and duals known to the eyes of Londoners, second only to her majesty's beef eaters in glory of scar-

rooms were but moderately filled. It was ture," and R. A.'s coming from adornings with which "culture" professes to provide her. There were politicians still tomed as they were by profession to take their art in large and rapid draughts, had were now eking out their notes of the day before by a few supplementary jottings the American, Edward Wallace, who at once taken in the intervals of conversation with took him by the arm with the manner of an

of things, the star of an academician differs favored hobbies, looked at her in a way

we have been describing his name—was not long playing in London, has she?" English artists settled on foreign soil and friends with her?"

"Not so good as last year," he was remark-ing to himself. "Vulgar drawing, vulgar hold of you. I've looked for you two or ably into the 'lowest depth of mediocrity.'" pretty closely." "Kendal!" said an eager voice close to his ear, while a hand was laid on his arm, "do

short oldish man, in whom he recognized a Venetian type-a strange race combination: famous artist, standing by, his keen, mobile I suppose it's the secret of the brilliancy and

"What girl?" he asked, with a smile, shaking his questioner by the hand. "That girl in black, standing by Orchard-



"It's Miss Bretherton, the actress." you ever see such beauty! I must get somebody to introduce me to her. - There's nothing worth looking at since she came in. But, by all luck, nobody here seems to know her." Eustace Kendal, to whom the warm artist temperament of his friend was well known. turned with some amusement towards the picture named, and noticed that flutter in the room which shows that something or some one of interest is present. People try to look unconcerned, and, catalogue in nand, were edging towards the spot where the lady in black stood, glancing alternately at her and at the pictures, in the manner of those equally determined to satisfy their curiosity and their sense of politeness. The lady in question, meanwhile, conscious that she was being looked at, but not apparently disturbed by it, was talking to another lady, the only person with her, a tall, gaunt woman, also dressed in black and gifted abundantly with the forbidding aspect which beauty requires

of a person being leeched or cupped. It Kendal could see nothing more at first than is rapidly becoming a lost art. Not a a tall, slender figure, a beautiful head, with tonsorial establishment. In fact it was of golden brown hair. But in profile and almost a profession of its own. Cupping figure there was an extraordinary distinction part of the business is also no more, her towards one of the striking pictures of since dentists are so numerous. -St. the year, some little way off. The two men also turned and walked away.

"I never saw such beauty as that before," said the artist, with emphasis, "I must find some one who knows her, and get the chance of seeing that face light up, else I shall go home one may as well These daubs are not worth the trouble of considering now!"

told Agnes I should ask anybody I liked. "See what it is to be an 'ideal painter," AUTHOR OF "ROBERT ELSMERE." said Kendal, laughing. "At home one paints river goddesses, and tree nymphs, and such like remote creatures, and abroad one falls a victim to the first well dressed, healthy looking girl-chaperon, bonnet and all."

Show me another like her," said his friend, warmly. "I tell you they're not to be met with like that every day. Je me connais en beaute, my dear fellow, and l never saw such perfection, both of line and color, as that. It is extraordinary; it excites one as an artist. Look, is that Wallace now going up to her!" Kendal turned and saw a short fair man, with a dry, keen, American face, walk up to

'Yes, that is Edward Wallace-very much in it, apparently. That is the way Americans have. They always know everybody it's desirable to know. But now's your chance, Forbes. Stroll care essly past them, catch Wallace's eye, and the thing is done." Mr. Forbes had already dropped Kendal's possible to see the pictures, to appreciate the arm, and was sauntering across the room would be of real use, something spring dresses, and to single out a friend even worthy, something that would exer across the long gallery. The usual people the scene from a distance with some amusecise what brain power I possess. I were there; academicians of the old school and academicians of the new; R. A.'s coming the American, look back, smile, stop and from Kensington and the "regions of culmost agreeably, because this work is

ders disappear into the next room, side by side with Miss Bretherton's erect and gracepictures, and, presently finding some acquaintances, made a rapid tour of the rooms with them, parting with them at the entrance that he might himself go back and it is not wonderful that I am at home | the one meager day allowed by the academy | look at two or three things in the sculpture room which he had been told were important and promising. There he came across

beauty, and immediately afterwards Kendal

saw his fine gray head and stooping shoul-

"So you saw the introduction? What a them rested the foundations of the artistic | was at 18. I envy him. He took Miss Brethorder, and that if, in a superficial conception erton right round, talked to her of all his chance of seeing this rarely sweet and above mentioned paper, "How fash- as if the east wind outside were not mocking London that she doesn't know who's who yet patch of German, there an island of Italian; talented woman. For those who jouable dressmakers and modistes the efforts of the May sun, and others still in the least. I had to take her aside and ex- on this side rows of English poets, on the groun over their little troubles, a glance at this patient soul who for twenty-two years has not moved from her bed, whose limbs have almost injustice to a very large and worthy her bed, whose limbs have almost little and soul who for the may sun, and others some may sun, and other an abundance of novels of all languages.

In the least. I had to take her aside and expects, on the may sun, and other an abundance of novels of all languages.

In the least, I had to take her aside and expects, on the sun all languages.

In the least, I had to take her aside and expects, on the sun all languages.

In the least, I had to take her aside and expe

but make them ashamed of them that honest and conscientious women type than the women of any other class can li is an intoxicating possession for a woman, piles of paper covered French books, represelves. Miss Fancher has now just one hand left to help herself with, one hand left to help herself with, well dressed, as well mannered, and as well unlike those of common mortals. I suppose were intervening strata of naturalism, balprovided with acquaintance as is the custom | it's that rather than any real ability as an | anced in their turn by recurrent volumes of than most of those who have their ing a great deal of attention and of their kind.

In one of the further rooms, more scantily itsed the papers said as much—some more ing a great deal of attention and itself.

Street, by Henry Clews, is attracted of their kind.

In one of the further rooms, more scantily itsed the papers said as much—some more in the books were evidently collected with a

The room in which Miss Fancher lies shear, and remained on the scene were fine and thoughtful, and there was a way. But I wish she had a trifle more eduvery young—a striking looking woman, with is always twilight. She cannot bear shorn—Jas. R. Keene. The author's combination of intellectual force with great cation and something worth calling a train- a fine worn face and a general air of distinction of intellectual force with great cation and something worth calling a trainthe admission of the sun's rays, and style is clear and forcible, and the delicacy of line in the contour of the head ing. Her manager, Robinson, talks of her tion and character. There was a strong reno person who made use of the usual volume presupposes a literary prac- and face which was particularly attractive, attempting all the great parts, but it's aboptic nerves could see to thread a needle. One of Miss Fancher's latest pieces of work is an embroidered pieces of Wall s'reet. But the length which hereadly challenges the decided which scarcely seems to harmonize and those of the data to the description of the more cultivated and impressionable sort. His thin, grayish hair was rather long—not of that pronounced about it than a baby, and it is perhaps part of her charm that she is so unconscious or me, attempting all the great parts, but it's absended his elder and impressionable sort. She talks very naively and prettily about the art, but really she knows no more about it than a baby, and it is perhaps part of her charm that she is so unconscious or me, attempting all the great parts, but it's absended his elder and impressionable sort. She talks very naively and prettily about the art, but really she knows no more about it than a baby, and it is perhaps part of her charm that she is so unconscious or me, and only sister, the wife of a French senator, and those of the control of the contr

pattern itself was designed by the interest than Blaine's "Twenty Years effect of the owner's irreproachable dress and that we ask is that our feelings should be touched a little, but whether by the art or First Empire. She had that melange du Mr. Eustace Kendal-to give the person the artist doesn't matter. She has not been apparently in a good temper with his sur- "Only a few weeks. It's only about two

> isfied expression before a Venetian scene has a curious history if you care to hear it. d'Albany, "belongs only to your sex, and is drawn by a brilliant member of a group of I don't think I've seen you at all since I made | found in its perfection only in the best soci-"No," said Kendal; "I was beginning to

> composition, hasty work everywhere. It is three times at the club and could not find amount of money there is going." The man 'Oh, it's not Miss Bretherton that has who painted this didn't get any pleasure out taken up my time. She's so busy that noof it. But it's the same all round. It is body can see much of her. But I have taken the impression she made, triumphing in her

money and luxury and the struggle to live her and her people out two or three times, which are driving us all on and killing the sight seeing, since they came-Westminster artist's natural joy in his work. And pres- abbey, the National gallery, and so forth. ently, as that odd little Frenchman said to She is very keen about everything, and the me last year, we shall have dropped irretriev- Worralls-her uncle and aunt-stick to her "Where does she come from?" "Well, her father was the Scotch overseer

of a sugar plantation not far from Kingston, Kendal turned in astonishment and saw a aud he married an Italian, one of your fair mother died when she was small, and the child grew up alone. Her father, however, seems to have been a good sort of man, and to have looked after her. Presently she son's picture. Why, you must know her by drew the attention of an uncle, a shopkeeper in Kingston, and a shrewd, hard, money place in Parisian society. Her husband had making fellow, who saw there was something to be made out of her. She had his general tendencies were Orleanist, while already shown a turn for reciting, and in literature he was well known as a conhad performed at various places - in stant contributor to The Revue des Deux the schoolroom belonging to the estate, Mondes. He and his wife maintained an inand so on. The father didn't encourage her | teresting, and in its way influential salon, fancy for it, naturally, being Scotch and which provided a meeting ground for the Presbyterian. However, he died of fever, best English and French society, and showed and then the child of sixteen fell into her off at once the delicate quality of Mme. de uncle's charge. He seems to have seen at Chateauvieux's intelligence and the force once exactly what line to take. To put it and kindliness of her womanly tact cynically, I imagine he argued something like this: 'Beauty extraordinary-character everything that could be desired-talent not much. So that the things to stake on are the beauty and the character, and let the talent take care of itself.' Anyhow, he got her on to the Kingston theatre-a poor little place enough-and he and the aunt, that sour looking creature you saw with her, looked after her like dragons. Naturally, she was soon the talk of Kingston-what with her looks and her grace, and the difficulty of coming near her, the whole European society, the garrison, government house and all were at her feet. Then the uncle played his cards for an European engagement. You remember that Governor Rutherford they had a little time ago! - the writer of that latle set of drawing room plays-'Nineteenth Century Interludes,' I think he called them? It was his last year, and he started for home while Isabel Bretherton was acting at Kingston. He came home full of her, and, knowing all the theatrical people here, he was able to place her at once. Robinson decided to speculate in her, telegraphed out for her, and here she is, uncle, aunt and invalid sister into the bargain."

"Ob, she has a sister?" "Yes; a little, white, crippled thing, peevish-cripples generally are-but full of a curious force of some hidden kind. Isabel is very good to her, and rather afraid of her. It seems to me that she is afraid of all her belongings. I believe they put upon her, and she has as much capacity as anybody I ever knew for letting herself be trampled upon." "What, that splendid, vivacious creature!" said Kendal incredulously. "I think I'd back her for holding ber own."

"Ah, well, you see," said the American, with the quiet superiority of a three weeks' acquaintance, "I know something of her by now, and she's not quite what you might think her at first sight. However, whether she is afraid of them or not, it's to be boped has a splendid physique, but it seems to me | -marriage and a seat in parliament. How

sye glass in hand, toward the sculpture. Come and take me some evening." "By all means. But you must come and meet the girl herself at my sister's next Friday. She will be there at afternoon tea.

warned her -you know her little weaknesses! -that she had better be first in the field; a month hence it will be impossible to get hold of Miss Bretherton at all." "Then I'll certainly come and do my worshiping before the crowd collects," said Kendal, adding, as he half curiously shifted his eye glass so as to take in Wallace's bronzed, alert countenance. "How did you

happen to know her!" Rutherford introduced me. He's an old "Well," said Kendal, moving off, "Friday, then, I shall be very glad to see Mrs. Stuart

it's ages since I saw her last." The American nodded cordially to him. and walked away. He was one of those pleasant ubiquitous people who know every one and find time for everything—a well known journalist, something of an artist, and still more of a man of the world, who went through his London season with some outward grumbling, but with a real inward zest such as few popular diners out are blessed with. That he should have attached himself to the latest star was natural enough. He was the most discreet and profitable of cicerones, with a real talent for making himself useful to nice people. His friendship for Miss Bretherton gave her a certain stamp in Kendal's eyes, for Wallace had a fastidious taste in personalities and seldom made a

Kendal himself walked home, busy with very different thoughts, and was soon established at his writing table in his high chambers overlooking an inner court of the Teinple. It was a bright afternoon; the spring sunshine on the red roofs opposite was clear and gay; the old chimney stacks, towering into the pale blue sky threw sharp shadows on the rich red and orange surface of the tiles. Below, the court was half in shadow, and utterly quiet and deserted. To the left there was a gleam of green, atoning for its spring thinness and scantiness by a vivid energy of color, while straight across the court, beyond the rich patchwork of the roofs and the picturesque outline of the chimneys, a delicate piece of white stone work rose into air-the spire of one of Wren's churches, as dainty, as perfect, and as fastidiously balanced as the hand of man

Inside, the room was such as fitted a studious bachelor of means. The bookcases on the walls held old college classics and law books underneath, and above a miscellaneous literary library, of which the main bulk was French, while the side wings, so to speak. had that tempting miscellaneous air-here a

enthusiastic estimate of the women of the meilleur ton, "with the purest elegance of manner, and a store of varied information, with vivacity of impression and delicacy of roundings. He was standing with a dissat- months since she landed from Jamaica. She feeling, which," as he declared to Mme.

In the days when she and Eustace had been the only children of a distinguished and wealthy father, a politician of some fame and son-in-law to the Tory premier of bis young days, she had always led and influenced her brother. He followed her admiringly through her London seasons, watching triumphs, and at home discussing every new book with her and sharing, at least in his college vacations, the secretary's work for their father, which she did excellently, and with a quick, keen, political sense which Eustace had never seen in any other woman. She was handsome in her own refined and delicate way, especially at night, when the sparkle of her white neck and arms and the added brightness of her dress gave her the accent and color she was somewhat lacking in at other times. Naturally, she was in no want of suitors, for she was rich and her father was influential, but she said "No" many times and was nearly 30 before M. de Chateauvieux, the first secretary of the French embassy, persuaded her to marry abandoned diplomacy for politics, in which



whole had a studious air Shortly after her marriage the father and mother died within eighteen months of each other, and Eustage found his lot in life radically changed. He had been his father's secretary after leaving college, which prevented his making any serious efforts to succeed at the bar, and a consequence his interests, both of head and heart, had been more concentrated than is often the case with a young man within the walls of his home. He had admired his father sincerely, and the worth of his mother's loquicious and sometimes meddlesome tenderness he pever realized fully fill he had lost it. When he was finally alone it became necessary for him to choose a line in life. His sister and be divided his father's money between them, and Eastace found himself with a fortune such as in the eyes of most of his friends constituted they will take care of her. Naturally she a leading of Providence towards two things ber invariably had to become as profi-cient in the application of the leech as he there was nothing ill bred or excessive in her attil in the shaving line. Barliers also ber invariably had to become as profi-cient in the application of the leech as he there was nothing ill bred or excessive in her course society is down upon her, and in a burry to press a decision in either case upon him. She saw that, without the stimulus of "I haven't seen her at all," said Kendal, the father's presence, Eustace's interest to beginning, perhaps, to be a little bored with politics was less real than his interest in letthe subject of Miss Bretherton, and turning. I ters nor did the mes seem to her propitions

to that philosophi conservatism which might be said to represent the family type of mind. So she stirred him up to return to some of the projects of his Cambridge days, when he and she were first bitten with a passion for that great, that fascinating French literature which absorbs, generation after generation, the interests of two-thirds of those who are sensitive to the things of letters. She suggested a book to him which took his fancy, and in planning it something of the old zest of life returned to him. Moreover, it was a book which required him to spend a part of every year in Paris, and the neighporhood of his sister was now more delightful to him than ever. So, after a time, he settled down content-

elly in his London chambers with his books about him, and presently found that glow of labor stealing over him which is at once the stimulus and the reward of every true son of knowledge. His books reconciled him to life again, and soon he was as often seen in the common haunts of London society as before. He dined out, he went to the theatre, he frequented his club like other men, and every year he spent three of the winter months in Paris, living in the best French world, talking as he never talked in London, and cultivating, whether in the theatre or studios of some of the more eminent of French was rapidly becoming more and more exacting, more and more master of the man. Now, on this May afternoon, as he settled price. himself down to his work, it would have given any of those who l.ked Eustace Kendal and they were many-pleasure to see how the look of fatigue with which he had returned from his round of the academy faded away, how he shook back the tumbling gray ocks from his eyes with the zest and eagerness of one setting forth to battle, and how as time passed on and the shadows deepened on the white spire opposite, the contentment of successful labor showed itself in the slow neonscious caress which fell upon the back of the sleeping cat curled up in the chair beside him, or in the absent but still kindly mile with which he greeted the punctual entrance of the servant, who at 5 o'clock came to put tea and the evening paper beside him and to make up the fire, which crackled on with cheer; companionable sounds through the lamplit evening and far into the night.

(To be continued next week)



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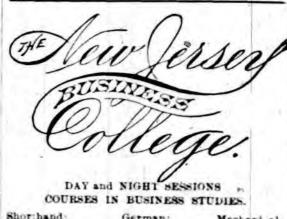
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